

THE  
R E P R I S A L :

OR, THE  
TARS of Old England.

A  
C O M E D Y  
OF  
T W O A C T S,

As it is PERFORMED at the  
T H E A T R E R O Y A L  
IN  
D R U R Y - L A N E.

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T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

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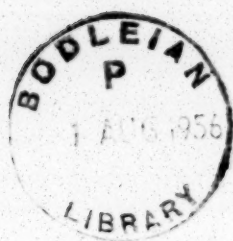
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# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

*AN* antient sage, when death approach'd his bed,  
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;  
And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,  
With vows and pray'rs, he fairly brib'd the Devil:  
Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,  
Cou'd always save the sinner—from damnation.

Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,  
The critick's rage with prologues deprecate;  
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,  
The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:  
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,  
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.

Here justice seems from her straight line to vary,  
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;  
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,  
No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.

So pleads our culprit in his own defence,  
You cannot prove his dullness is—prepenſe.

He means to please—he owns no other view;  
And now presents you with—a sea-ragout.  
A dish—howe'er you relish his endeavours,  
Replete with a variety of flavours:

A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,  
Together boil in our enchanted pot;  
To taint these viands with the true fumet,  
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.  
This stale ingredient might our porridge marr  
Without some acid juice of English tar.

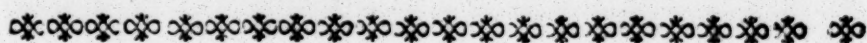
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,  
And the desert shall be a bloodless battle.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,  
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!  
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,  
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.

Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,  
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallick shore;  
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,  
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:

P R O L O G U E.

Still shall that God-like flame your bosoms fire,  
The gen'rous son shall emulate the fire;  
Her antient splendor England shall maintain,  
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,  
And rise—th' unrival'd empress of the main.



P E R S O N S represented.

HEARTLY, a young gentleman of Dor- }  
setshire, in love with HARRIET, } *Mr. Usher.*

BRUSH, his servant, - - - Mr. Palmer

CHAMPIGNON, commander of a French } Mr. *Blakes*  
frigate,

OCLABBER, an Irish lieutenant in the } Mr. Yates.  
French service,

MACLAYMORE, a Scotch ensign in the } Mr. *Johnston*.  
French service,

LYON, lieutenant of an English man of } Mr. Jefferson.  
war,

**HAULYARD**, a midshipman,                      Mr. *Beard*.

BLOCK, a sailor, - Mr. Woodward.

HARRIET, a young lady of Dorsetshire } Miss *Macklin*.  
 betrothed to HEARTLY,

Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

SCENE, on board a French ship lying at anchor on the coast of Normandy.

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THE  
R E P R I S A L :

OR, THE  
T A R S of Old England.

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A C T I.

S C E N E I.

HEARTLY, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

**W**ELL, if this be taking diversion on the water, God send me safe on English ground! and if ever I come in sight of the sea again, may a watry grave be my portion.—First, to be terrified with the thoughts of drowning—Secondly, to be tossed and tumbled about like a foot-ball—Thirdly, to be drenched with sea-water—Fourthly, to be stunk to death with pitch and tar and the savoury scent of my fellow-sufferers—Fifthly, to be racked with perpetual puking “till my guts are turned inside out”—And sixthly and lastly, to be taken prisoner and plundered by the French!

B

HEARTLY.



## THE REPRISAL: OR,

HEARTLY.

Enough——Enough——

BRUSH.

Enough!—aye, and to spare—I wish I could give part to those who envy my good fortune—But, how will the good Lady Bloomwell moralize when she finds her daughter Miss Harriet is fallen into the hands of Monsieur de Champignon?

HEARTLY.

No more—that reflection alarms me!—yet I have nothing to fear—as there is no war declared, we shall soon be released: and in the mean time the French will treat us with their usual politeness.

BRUSH.

Pox on their politeness! ah master! commend me to the blunt sincerity of the true surly British mastiff—The rascallion that took my purse bowed so low, and paid me so many compliments, that I ventured to argue the matter in hopes of convincing him he was in the wrong—but he soon stopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping a cocked pistol to my ear, and telling me he should have the honour to blow my brains out—Another of those polite gentlemen begged leave to exchange hats with me—A third fell in love with my silver shoe-buckles—Nay, that very individual nice buttock of beef, which I had just begun to survey with looks of desire, after the dismal evacuation I had undergone, was ravished from my sight by two famished French wolves, who beheld it with equal joy and astonishment.

HEARTLY.

I must confess they plundered us with great dexterity and dispatch; and even Monsieur de Champignon the commander did not keep his hands clear of the pillage—An instance of rapaciousness I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer.—Sure he will behave as such to Harriet!

BRUSH.

Faith! not to flatter you, Sir, I take him to be one of those fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing less than their good works—He first rifled your mistress, and then made love to her with great gallantry—but you was in the right to call yourself her brother—if he knew  
I you

## THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND. 3

you were his rival you might pass your time very disagreeably.

HEARTLY.

There are two officers on board, who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their soldiers to take any share of the prey, but consoled Harriet and me on our misfortune, with marks of real concern.

BRUSH.

You mean lieutenant Oclabber and ensign Maclaymore, a couple of damn'd renegadoes!—you lean upon a broken reed if you trust to their compassion.

HEARTLY.

Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother, and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer—The other is an Highlander, excluded (I suppose) from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, more apt to pity the distressed.—I see them walking this way in close conference—While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about and endeavour to over-hear their conversation.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## SCENE II.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monsieur de Champignon a rotten potatoe; and when the ship goes ashore, I will be after asking him a shivil question, as I told him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

MACLAYMORE.

Weel, weel, maister Oclabber, I wonna tak upon me to say a'together ye're in the wrang—but ye ken there's a time for a' things; and we man gang hooly and fairly while we're under command.

B 2

OCLABBER.



## THE REPRISAL; OR,

OCLABBER.

You may talk as you please, Mr. Maclaymore—you're a man of learning, honey. Indeed, indeed I am always happy when you are speaking, whether I am asleep or awake a gra. But, by my shoul I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that "the English pleasure boat had no right to be taken before the declaration of war;" much more the prisoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pyrates and privateers.

MACLAYMORE.

To be sure, the law of nations does na prescind that privilege in actual war: for ye ken in ancient times, the victor took the *spolia opima*; and in my country to this very day we follow the auld practice, *pecudum prædas agere*. But, then, ye man tak notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for shame! and a right sonsy damsel too. I'm sure it made my heart wae, to see the salt brine come happing o'er her winsome cheeks.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn me! but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful!—och! the delicate creature!—she's the very moral of my own honey, dear Sheelah o'Shannaghan, "whom I left big with child in "the county of Fermanaghan, grammachree!"—Ochone my dear Sheelah!—"Look here, she made "me this sword-belt, of the skin of a sea wolf that I "shot at the mouth of the Shannon—and I gave her at "parting, a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in "order—och! my dear honey captain (cried she) I shall "never do penance, but I will be thinking of you"—Ah! poor Sheelah, she once met with a terrible misfortune gra: we were all a merry-making at the castle of Ballyclough; and so Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell down stairs out of a window. When I came to her she told me she was speechless; "and by "my shoul it was tree long weeks before she got upon "her legs again:" then I composed a lamentation in the Irish tongue—and sung it to the tune of *drim-mendoo*; but, a friend of mine, of the order of St. Francis, has made a relation of it into English, and it goes very well to the words of Elen a Roon.

MACLAY-



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MACLAYMORE.

“ Whether is’t an elegy or a ode ?

OCLARBER.

“ How the devil can it be odd, when the verses are all  
“ even ?

MACLAYMORE.

“ Gif it be an elegy, it must be written in the carmen  
“ elegiacum ; or gif it be an ode, it may be momocolos,  
“ dicolos, tetraastrophos—or perhaps its loose iambics.

OCLABBER.

“ Arra, upon my conscience I believe it is simple sham-  
“ brucks, honey.” But if you’ll hold your tongue you  
shall see with your own eyes.

S O N G.

I.

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,  
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,  
Ochone my dear jewel;  
Why was you so cruel  
Amidst my companions to leave me alone ?

II.

Tho’ Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall ;  
Tho’ Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall ;  
In the dark she was groping,  
And found it wide open ;  
Och ! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

III.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,  
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,  
If you’re dead do but own it ;  
Then you’ll hear me bemoan it ;  
For in loud lamentations your fate I’ll deplore.

IV.

“ Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife !  
“ Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife !  
“ O ! the month of November,  
“ She’ll have cause to remember,  
“ As a black letter day all the days of her life.”

V. With

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost !

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost !

But, without a dismission,

I'd lose my commission,

And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

Shall I never see you, my lovely Sheelah, these seven long years ?—An it pleased God to bring us within forty miles of each other, I would never desire to be nearer all the days of my life.

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot-fie ! Captain Oclabber, whare's a' your philosophy ?—did ye never read Seneca *de Consolatione* ?—or Volusenus, my countryman, *de Tranquillitate Animi* ?—I've warrant we have left a bonny lass too, in the braes of Lochaber—my yellow—hair'd deary that wont to meet me amang the hether—Heigh firs ! how she grat and cried, *waes my heart that we should sunder*.—Whisht, what's a' that rippet ?

[*A noise of drums.*]

OCLABBER.

Arra-mon-deaul ! they are beating our grenadier's march, as if the enemy was in view : but, I shall fetch them off long enough before they begin to charge ; or, by St. Patrick ! I'll beat their skulls to a pancake.

MACLAYMORE.

[*To a bag-piper crossing the stage.*]

“ Whare are ye ga'ane with the moosic, Donald ?

PIPER.

“ Guid fait ! an please your honour, the commander  
“ has sent for her to play a spring to the safenach damsel :  
“ but, her nain fell wad na pudge the length of her tae,  
“ without your honour's order—and she'll gar a' the men  
“ march before her with the British flag and the rest of  
“ the plunder.

MACLAYMORE.

“ By my faul ! he's a gowk, and a gauky, to ettle at  
“ diverting the poor lassie with the puppet-shew of her  
“ ain misfortune—but, howsomever, Donald, ye may  
“ gang and entertain her with a pibroch of Macreeman's  
“ composition ; and if she has any taste for moosic, ye'll  
“ soon gar her forget her disaster.

OCLABBER.

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OCLABBER.

“ Arrah, now since that’s the caase, I would not be  
“ guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and if it be done to  
“ compose her spirits, by my shoul! the drum shall beat  
“ till she’s both deaf and dumb, before I tell it to leave  
“ off—but, we’ll go and see the proceffion. [Exeunt.

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SCENE III.

A Proceffion.

“ [*First the bag-pipe—then a ragged dirty sheet for the*  
“ *French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters—the English*  
“ *prisoners—the plunder, in the midst of which is an*  
“ *English buttock of beef carried on the shoulders of four*  
“ *meagre Frenchmen. The drum followed by a crew of*  
“ *French sailors.*”]

CHAMPIGNON. HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you see de fortune of de war—my fate be  
admirable capricieux—you be de prisonier of my arm—I  
be de captive of your eye—by gar! my glorie turn to my  
disgrace!

HARRIET.

Truly, I think so too—for nothing can be more dis-  
graceful than what you have done.

CHAMPIGNON.

Den vat I ave done!—parbleu! I not understand vat  
you mean, madame—I ave de honor to carry off one great  
victoire over de Englis.

HARRIET.

You have carried off an unarmed boat contrary to the  
law of nations; and rifled the passengers in opposition to  
the dictates of justice and humanity—I should be glad to  
know what a common robber could do worse.

CHAM-



## CHAMPIGNON.

Common robber!—Madam your serviteur tres humble—de charm of your esprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your personne: in one and t'oder you be parfaitement adorable—souffrez den dat I present my 'art at your altar.

## HARRIET.

If you have any heart to present, it must be a very stale sacrifice—for my own part I have no taste for the *fumét*; so you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country.

## CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle!—de ladies en France will felicitate demselves dat you renonce de tendre of monsieur de Champignon.—“Madame la duchesse—mais taisons”—alte la—et la belle marquise! ah quelles ames!—vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man à bonnes fortunes.—diable m'emporte! till I rencontre your invincible eye, I ave alway de same succès in love as in war.

## HARRIET.

I dare say you have been always equally lucky and wise.

## CHAMPIGNON.

“Ah ma charmante!—dat is more of your bonté den  
“of my merite—permettez donc, dat I amuse you wid  
“the transports of my flame.

## HARRIET.

“In a proper place, I believe I should find them very  
“entertaining.”

## CHAMPIGNON.

How you ravish me, my princesse!—avouez donc, you 'ave de sentimens for my personne—parbleu! it is all your générosité—dere is noting extraordinary in my personne, diable m'emporte! hai, hai. [*Cuts a caper.*]

## HARRIET.

Indeed, monsieur, you do yourself injustice; for, you are certainly the most extraordinary person I had ever the honour to see.

CHAM-

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CHAMPIGNON.

Ah, ah, madame! I die under the charge of your politesse—your approbation ave dissipé de brouillard dat envelope ma fantasie—your smile inspire me wid allegresse—allons! vive l'amour!—la, la, la, la—

HARRIET.

What a delicate pipe! I find, monsieur, you're alike perfect in all your accomplishments.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, your slave eternellement—personnes of gout ave own dat me sing de chansonettes not altogether too bad, before I ave de honour to receive one ball de pistolet in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war, one, two, three, four, ten year ago—I take possession sabre a la main; but, by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre!—dey refuse to submit and carry me to Plimout—dere I apprehend your tongue, madame—dere I dance, and ave de gallantries parmi les belles filles Angloises—I teach dem to love—they teach me to sing your jolies vaudevilles.—*A cobbler dere was, and he live in one stall!*—Hai, hai! how you taste my talens, madame?

HARRIET.

Oh! you sing inchantingly; and so natural, one would imagine you had been a cobbler all the days of your life—Ha, ha, ha!

CHAMPIGNON.

Hai, hai, hai!—if you not flatter me, madame, I be more happy dan Charlemagne—but I ave fear dat you mocquez de moi—tell a me of grace, my princesse, vat sort of lover you shoose—I vil transform myself for your plaisir.

HARRIET.

I will not say what sort of lover I like; but I'll sing what sort of lover I despise.

CHAMPIGNON.

By gar, she love me eperduement. (*Aside.*)

C

SONG

## S O N G.

## I.

From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,  
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,  
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

## II.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,  
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow:  
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,  
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

## III.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,  
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;  
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as an hog,  
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

## IV.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:  
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

## CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu, madame, you sing a merveilles—but, by  
gar, de figure be ver singulier.

## S C E N E IV.

HARRIET. CHAMPIGNON. HEARTLY.

## CHAMPIGNON.

Monf. Artlie, I ave de honeur to be your most umble  
serviteur—mademoiselle your sifter ave des perfections of  
an ange; but she be cold as de albâtre. You do me good  
office—I become of your alliance—you command my  
service.

HEARTLY.



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HEARTLY.

I hope my sifter will set a proper value upon your addresses : and you may depend upon my best endeavours to persuade her to treat your passion as it deserves.

CHAMPIGNON.

As it deserve!—mardy! dat is all I desire—den I treat you as one prince. [*A servant whispers and retires.*] Comment! que m'importe—madame I must leave you for one moment to de garde of Monf. your broder; but I return in one twinkle. [Exit.

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## SCENE V.

HEARTLY. HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

My dear Harriet, have you good nature enough to forgive me for having exposed you to all these dangers and misfortunes?

HARRIET.

I can't but be pleased with an event which has introduced me to the acquaintance of the accomplished Champignon, ha, ha, ha!

HEARTLY.

You can't imagine how happy I am to see you bear your misfortune with such good humour, after the terror you underwent at our being taken.

HARRIET.

I was indeed terribly alarmed when a cannon shot came whistling over our heads; and not a little dejected when I found myself a prisoner—but I imagine all danger diminishes, or at least loses part of its terror, the nearer you approach it: and as for this Champignon, he is such a contemptible fellow, that upon recollection, I almost despise myself for having been afraid of him.—O'my conscience! I believe all courage is acquired from practice.—I don't doubt but in time I should be able to stand a battery, myself.

C 2

HEARTLY.

HEARTLY.

Well, my fair Thalestris, should you ever be attacked, I hope the aggressor will fall before you.——  
 Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we shall be released as soon as a representation can be made to the French court.

HARRIET.

I should be loth to trouble the court of France with matters of so little consequence. Don't you think it practicable to persuade the captain to set us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly resist.

HEARTLY.

I guess your meaning, and the experiment shall be tried, if we fail of success from another quarter. I intend to make myself known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch ensign are at variance with Champignon, and disapprove of our being made prisoners.

## SCENE VI.

HEARTLY. HARRIET. BRUSH.

HEARTLY *to* BRUSH.

Well, sir, you have been fishing the bonny Scot: have you caught any intelligence?

BRUSH.

Sir, I have done your business—Capt. Maclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of four wine to the health of Miss Harriet and your worship; in a word, he is wholly devoted to your service.

HARRIET.

“ Pray, Mr. Brush, what method did you take to ingratiate yourself with that proud, stalking Highlander?

BRUSH.

“ I won his heart with some transient encomiums on his country. I affected to admire his plaid, as an improvement on the Roman toga; swore it was a most  
 “ foldierly

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND. 13

“ soldierly garb ; and said, I did not wonder to see i<sup>s</sup>  
“ adopted by a nation equally renowned for learning  
“ and valour.

HEARTLY.

“ These insidious compliments could not fail to un-  
“ dermine his loftiness.

BRUSH.

“ He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from one  
“ cheek to the other, threw his plaid over his left  
“ shoulder with an air of importance, stratted to the  
“ farther end of the deck ; then returning with his hard  
“ features unbended into a ghastly smile, ‘ By my faul !  
‘ man (says he) ye’re na fule ; I see ye ken foo weel  
‘ how to mak proper distinctions—you and I man be bet-  
‘ ter acquainted’—“ I bowed very low in return for the  
“ great honour he did me----hinted, that, though  
“ now I was in the station of a servant, I had some pre-  
“ tensions to family ; and sighing, cried *tempora mutan-*  
“ *tur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

HEARTLY.

“ That scrap of Latin was a home thrust—You see,  
“ firrah, the benefit of a charity school.

BRUSH.

“ Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged for neg-  
“ lecting my Accidence, that ever my learning would  
“ turn to such account—Captain Maclaymore was sur-  
“ prized to hear me speak Latin : yet he found fault with  
“ my pronunciation.—He shook me by the hand,  
“ though I was a little shy of that compliment, and said  
“ he did not expect to find flowers under a nettle :’ but  
“ I put him in mind of the singat cat, for I was better  
“ than I was bonny—then he carried me to his ca-  
“ bin, where we might discourse more freely ; told me  
“ the captain was *a light headed guse*, and expressed his  
“ concern at your captivity, which he said was a fla-  
“ grant infraction of the treaty of *Aix la Chapelle*.

HARRIET.

“ There I hope you backed his opinion with all your  
“ eloquence.

BRUSH.

“ I extolled his understanding ; interested his gallan-  
“ try in the cause of a distressed lady ; and in order to  
“ clinch



“ clinch my remonstrance, told him that my master’s  
 “ great grandmother’s aunt was a Scotchwoman of the  
 “ name of Mackintosh, and that Mr. Heartly piqued  
 “ himself on the Highland blood that ran in his veins.

H E A R T L Y.

“ I’m obliged to your invention for the honour of  
 “ that alliance—I hope the discovery had a proper ef-  
 “ fect upon my cousin Maclaymore.

B R U S H.

“ He no sooner heard that particular, than he started  
 “ up, crying, ‘ What the deil say ye? Mackintosh!  
 “ —swunds man! that’s the name of my ain mither—  
 “ wha kens but mester Heartly and I may be coozens  
 “ seventeen times removed?’ “ then he gave me a full  
 “ account of his pedigree for twelve generations, and  
 “ hawked up the names of his progenitors till they set  
 “ my teeth on edge: to conclude,” he has promised to  
 give you all the assistance in his power, and even to fa-  
 vour our escape; for, over and above his other motives,  
 I find he longs to return to his own country, and thinks  
 a piece of service done to an English gentleman may en-  
 able him to gratify that inclination.

H E A R T L Y.

But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

B R U S H.

The boat is along side—our men are permitted to walk  
 the deck—when the captain retires to rest, and the watch  
 is relieving, nothing will be more easy than to step on  
 board of our own galley, cut the rope, hoist the sails,  
 and make the best of our way to Old England.

H E A R T L Y.

But, you don’t consider that Mr. de Champignon, if  
 alarmed, may slip his cable and give us chace—nay,  
 compliment us with a dish of sugar plumbs that may be  
 very hard of digestion.

R U S H.

There, the friendship of Maclaymore will be of ser-  
 vice: for, as soon as our flight is known, he and his men,  
 on pretence of being alert, will make such a bustle and  
 confusion,

## THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND. 15

confusion, that nothing can be done until we are out of their reach ; and then we must trust to our own canvas and the trim of our vessel, which is a prime failer.

HARRIET.

The project is feasible, and may be the more practicable, if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to co-operate with the ensign.

HEARTLY.

Odso ! there he comes——Brush go and wait upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hibernian.

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## SCENE VII.

HEARTLY. OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Your humble servant, sir—I hope the lady is pleased with her accommodation——don't you begin to be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea ?—upon my conscience ! now, it's so delicate and keen, that for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as an Irish wolf dog, ever since I came to this kingdom.

HEARTLY.

Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry—I am no stranger to the French air, nor to the politeness of Capt. Oclabber——What ! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance ?

OCLABBER.

Acquaintance, honey !—by my saoul ! I should be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never saw you before in the days of my life.

HEARTLY.

Don't you remember two Englishmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly ?

OCLABBER.

Ub ub oo !——by Shaint Patrick I remember you as well as nothing in the world——Arrah, now, whether is it your own self or your brother ?

HEARTLY.



HEARTLY.

My brother died of a consumption soon after our return to England.

OCLABBER.

Ah! God rest his soul, poor gentleman—but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country—I hope he was your elder brother, gra.—Oh! I remember you two made one with us at the Hotel de Buffy—by my saoul! we were very merry and frolicksome; and you know I hurt my ancle, and my foot swelled as big as tree potatoes—by the same token I sent for a rogue of a surgeon, who subscribed for the cure, and wanted to make a hand of my foot.—Mr. Heartly, the devil fly away with me, but I am proud to see you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

HEARTLY.

Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I apprehend, do me a good office with Capt. Champignon, who, I cannot help saying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

OCLABBER.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Heartly, we officers don't chuse to find fault with one another; because there's a discipline and subordination to be observed, you know;—therefore I shall say nothing of him as an officer, honey; but, as a man, my dear, by the mass, he's a meer baift.

HEARTLY.

I'm glad to find your opinion of him so conformable to my own.—I understand by my servant too, that Mr. Maclaymore agrees with us, in his sentiments of Monsieur de Champignon; and disapproves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable insult offered to the British nation.

OCLABBER.

By my saoul! I told him so before you came aboard.—As for ensign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in seven of the best counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arraha, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head—Ay, and a great scholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Irish as well as the archbishop of Armagh.—Didn't you know we are sworn brothers—tho' I'm his senior officer, and spaik the French more fluid, gra.

SCENE



SCENE VIII.

HEARTLY. OCLABBER. BRUSH.

BRUSH.

O Lord, fir! all the fat's in the fire.

OCLABBER.

Arrah what's a fire, honey?

BRUSH.

All our fine project gone to pot!—"We may now  
"hang up our harps among the willows, and sit down  
"and weep by Babel's streams."

HEARTLY.

What does the blockhead mean?

BRUSH.

One of our foolish fellows has blabbed that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life.—He sings, capers, swears and storms in a breath!—I have seen bedlam; but an English lunatic at full moon, is a very sober animal when compared to a Frenchman in a passion.

HEARTLY.

I care not for his passion or power—By Heaven! he shall not offer the least violence to my Harriet, while a drop of blood circulates in my veins!—I'll assault him, though unarm'd, and die in her defence.— [*Going.*

OCLABBER.

Won't you be easy now?—your dying signifies nothing at all, honey; for, if you should be killed in the fray, what excuse would you make to the young lady's relations, for leaving her alone in the hands of the enemy?—by my saoul! you'd look very foolish.—Take no notice at all, and give yourself no trouble about the matter—and if he should ravish your mistress, by my salvation! I would take upon me to put him under arrest.

HEARTLY

The villain dares not think of committing such an outrage!

D

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Devil confound me ! but I'd never desire a better joke—Och then, my dear, you'd see how I'd trim him—you should have satis faction to your heart's content.

HEARTLY.

Distraction !—If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

BRUSH.

Zooks ! sir, you're as mad as he.—You'll ruin us past all redemption.—What the deuce are you afraid of ?—Ravish !—An atomy like that pretend to ravish ! No, no : he'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattles, and these he has disposed of already.—Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name, to take care of yourself : for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

OCLABBER.

O my conscience, a very sensible young woman ! When there are two lovers in the caase, 'tis natural to wish one of them away.—Come along with me, honey ; we'll hold a council of war with ensign Maclaymore---perhaps he may contrive mains to part you.—No man knows better how to make a soldierly retreat.

BRUSH.

Soldierly or unsoldierly, it signifies not a button---so we do but escape, I shall be glad to get away at any rate, even if I should fly like a thief from the gallows.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you, my dear ! you're a wag---Arrah, who told you that my friend Maclaymore escaped from the gallows ?—By my faoul ! 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*.----Indeed, indeed, I would never desire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honest gentlemen you have hanged in England.

HEARTLY.

I'm so confounded and perplexed in consequence of this unlucky discovery, that I can't start one distinct thought, much less contribute to any scheme that requires cool deliberation.

OCLABBER

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND. 19

OCLABBER.

Arrah faith, my dear, we must leave those things to wiser heads.---For my own part, I'm a soldier, and never burden my brain with unnecessary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng ;  
And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

END *of the* FIRST ACT.





## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

[*A great noise and bustle behind the scenes.*]

MACLAYMORE. CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON *running upon the stage in a ridiculous dishabille.*

**P**RENEZ garde qu'elle ne vous echappe! —aux armes! —Monf. le Second —contre maitre —la chaloupe! la chaloupe!

MACLAYMORE.

[*Overturning him as if thro' mistake.*]

As I fall answar, the folks are a' gaen daft! —deel flap out your een! I'm nae sic midge but ye might a seen me in your porridge.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah meurtre! assassins! vous avez tué votre commandant! —holla ho! mes gens, a moi.

MACLAYMORE.

Hout, na! it canna be our commander Monsieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worricow! —Preserve us a'! it's the vara man —weel I wot, Sir, I'm right sorry to find you in sic a pickle —but, wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

CHAMPIGNON. [*Rising.*]

Ventre saingris! my whole brain be derangée! —Traître! you be in de complot.

MACLAYMORE.

Traiter me nae traiter, Mester Champignon, or gude faith! you and I man ha' our kail thro' the reek.

CHAMPIGNON.

Were be de prisoniers? —tell a me dat —ha! —mort de ma vie! de Englis vaisseau! —de prise! de prisoniers! —sacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richesses! rendez moi les prisoniers —you be de enseigne, you be de officier.

MACLAYMORE.

MACLAYMORE.

T'roth, I ken foo weel I'm an officer—I wufs some other people who haud their heeds unco high, ken'd the respect due to an officer, we should na be fashed with a' this din.

CHAMPIGNON.

Tell a me au moment, were be Monsieur 'Artlie? were be de prisoniers? wat you beat my brains wid your *sottises*?

MACLAYMORE.

Nay, sin ye treat me with sa little ceremony, I man tell you, Mester Heartly was na committed to my charge, and sae ye may gang and leuk after him—and as for prisoners, I ken of nae prisoners but your ain valet whom ye ordered to be put in irons this morning for supping part of your *bouillon*, and if the poor fallow had na done the deed I think he must have starved for want of victuals.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! Monsieur Maclaimore, you distrahit me wid your babil—I demand de Englis prisonniers—m'intendez vous?

MACLAYMORE.

Monsieur de Champignon, je vous entens bien---there was nae English prisoner here—for I man tell you, Sir, that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis*—or *Puffendorf de officio Hominis & Civis*—ye wad a' seen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obfes* or *vades*—for what? ye'll say—because he was na teuk *flagrante bello*—*ergo* he was nae prisoner of war---now what says the learned *Puffendorf*?

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventre bleu! you be one impertinent.

MACLAYMORE.

What, what!——that's a paughty word, Sir---that's nae langage for a gentleman—nae mair o' that, or gude faith we'll forget where we are.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! you ave forget dat I be your general—your chief.

MACLAYMORE.

## THE REPRISAL; OR,

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul, man! that's strange news indeed—You my chief! you chief of the Maclaymores!

CHAMPIGNON.

Si, moi, rustre—moi qui vous parle.

MACLAYMORE.

Donna rustre me, Sir, or deel dam my faul, but I'll wraft your head aff your shoulders, if ye was the best Champignon in France.

[*They draw and fight.*]

## SCENE II.

OCLABBER. CHAMPIGNON. MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you my lads! what's the maining of all this disturbance?—o' my conscience! there's no such thing as resting below—a man would lie as quiet at the bottom of the sea—I've been a bed these tree hours, but I could not close an eye, gra; for you waked me before I fell asleep.

[*Pretending to discover Champignon.*]

Arrah now, don't I dream, honey? what is it your own self Monsieur de Champignon, going to attack my ensign?—by my faul! that's not so shivil now, aboard of your own ship. Gentlemen, I put you both under arrest in the king's name——“you shall see one another locked in your cabins with your own hands;” and then, if you cut one another's throats, by the blessed virgin! you shall be brought to a court martial, and tried for your lives, agra.

MACLAYMORE. [*Sheathing his Sword.*]

Weel, weel, Sir,—ye're my commanding offisher—*tuum est imperare*——but, he and I shall meet before mountains meet——that's a'.

CHAMPIGNON to OCLABBER.

Vat! you presume to entremettre in mes affaires d'honneur—you have de hardieffe to dispute wid me de command



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command of dis *Vaifseau de Guerre*?—tell a me, if you know my condition, ha?

OCLABBER.

Indeed, indeed my dear, I believe your present condition is not very savoury—but, if ensign Maclaymore had made you shorter by the head, your condition would have been still worse—and yet upon my conscience! I have seen a man command such a frigate as this, without any head at all.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monfieur O-claw-bear, you *mocquez de moi*—you not seem to know my noblesse—dat I descend of de bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs ave bear de honourable *cotte*—de *cotte* of antiquité.

OCLABBER.

By my saoul! when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear; for it was thread-bare, and out at elbows.

CHAMPIGNON

Ah! la mauvaise plaisanterie.—Daignez, my goot lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—de rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

OCLABBER.

Och! I beg your chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the Garonne—and by my saoul! a very venerable building it was—aye, and very well bred to boot, honey; for, it stood always uncovered: and never refused entrance to any passenger, even tho' it were the wind and the rain, gra.

CHAMPIGNON.

You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

OCLABBER.

By shaint Patrick! I know them as well as the father that bore them—your nephew is a begging brother of the order of St. Francis—Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent *savatier* in the county of *Bearne*; and your own self, my dear, first mounted the stage as a charlatan; then served the Count de *Bardasch* for your diversion; and now by the king's favour, you command

a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the province of Normandy.

## CHAMPIGNON.

Ah quelle medifance !—que vous imaginez bien Monsieur—but, I vill represent your conduit to des Marechaux of France : and dey will convince you dat Monsieur de Champignon is one personne of some consideration—un charlatan !—mardy ! dat be ver plaifant.—Messieurs, serviteur—I go to give de necessaires ordres pour r'attraper de Englis chaloupe---jusque au revoir---Charlatan !---Savatier !---Mort de ma vie ! [Exit.

## SCENE III.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

## OCLABBER.

Faith and troth ! my dear, you'll see the chaloupe far enough out of sight, by this time.

## MACLAYMORE.

By my faoul ! captain, ye sent him awa' with a flea in his bonnet—He'll no care to wrestle anither fa' with you in a hurry—he had the wrang sow by the lug.

## OCLABBER.

If he will be after playing at rubbers, he must expect to meet with bowls—pooh ! I main, he must look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers—arra man deaul ! that's not the thing neither—but, you know my maining, as the saying is.

## MACLAYMORE.

Hoot, aye—I've warrant I ken how to gar your bools row right—and troth I canna help thinking but I played my part pretty weel for a beginner.

## OCLABBER.

For a beginner !—Devil fetch me ! but you played like a man that jokes in earnest—but your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you—and yet I came as soon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

MACLAYMORE.

MACLAYMORE.

Let that flie stick i'the wa'---when the dirt's dry it will rub out—but, now we man tak care of the poor waff lassie that's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

OCLABBER.

I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her beard, agra.

MACLAYMORE.

It's now break of day—donna ye see the bonny grey eyed morn blinking o'er yon mossy craig?—We'll e'en gang down and tak a tasse of whisky together, and then see what's to be done for Miss Harriet. *[Exeunt.]*



## SCENE IV.

HARRIET. BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Lord! I'm in such a flutter—What was the meaning of all that noise?—Brush, are you sure your master is out of all danger of being re-taken?

BRUSH.

Yes, yes, Madam, safe enough for this bout—The two land officers performed their parts to a miracle—My master and our people slipped into the boat, without being disturbed by the centries who were tutored for the purpose; and they were almost out of sight, before Champignon was alarmed by a starved Frenchman, whose hunger kept him awake—but, now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or so will be in sight of sweet Old England—I'm sure, I sent many a wishful look after them.

HARRIET.

What! you are sorry then for having stayed behind with me?

BRUSH.

O! by no manner of means, Ma'am—to be sure you did me an infinite deal of honour, Ma'am, in desiring that I might be left, when you spoke to my Master thro'

E

the



the barricado—but, yet, Ma'am, I have such a regard for Mr. Heartly, Ma'am; that I should be glad to share all his dangers, Ma'am—tho' after all is done and said, I don't think it was very kind in him to leave his mistress, and faithful servant in such a dilemma.

HARRIET.

Nay, don't accuse your master unjustly—you know how unwillingly he complied with my request—we could not guess what villainous steps this fellow, Champignon, might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr. Heartly will now have an opportunity to represent in its true colours.

BRUSH.

Well—heaven grant him success, and that speedily—for my own part, I have been so long used to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his absence—If I had broke my leg two days ago, I shouldn't have been in this quandary—God forgive the man that first contrived parties of pleasure on the water.

HARRIET.

Hang fear, Brush, and pluck up your courage—I have some small skill in physiognomy, and can assure you it is not your fate to die by water—Ha! I see the captain coming this way—I must bear the brunt of another storm.

BRUSH.

Odso! I'll run down to lieutenant Oclabber, and his ensign, and give them notice, in case there should be occasion to interpose.

[Exit Brush.]

## SCENE V.

CHAMPIGNON. HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you pardon my presumption, dat I pay ma devoirs in dishabille—bot it be all for your service—Monsieur your amant ave decampé sans façon—I take de alarm, and make all my efforts to procure you de plaisir  
of

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND. 27

of seeing him again—Ah ! he be de gallant homme to abandon his Maitresse.

HARRIET.

Is there no possibility of bringing him back ?

CHAMPIGNON.

By Gar ! it be tout a fait impossible—he steal come one thief into de chaloupe, and vanish in de obscurité !

HARRIET.

I'm heartily glad to hear it !

CHAMPIGNON.

For wat you be glad, my princess, ha ?

HARRIET.

That he's no longer in your power,

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon !—juste ciel !—how you make me happy to see you glad, Madame ! la, la, la, ra, ra—Ventre bleu ! he be one fugitif—if we rencontre again, Revanche ! Revanche ! la, la, la, ra, ra—Permettez donc, Madame, dat I ave de honeur to languisse before your feet—ave pitie of me—take my sword—plongez dans my bosom—Ah ! Larron ! perfide !—la, la, la, ra, ra.

[*He sings, kneels, and dances by turns.*]

Monfieur Artlie is not in my power—bon !—but, by Gar ! Madame, you know who is, hah !

HARRIET.

As for me, my sex protects me—I am here indeed, a prisoner and alone ; but you will not, you dare not treat me with indignity.

CHAMPIGNON.

Dare not !—Bravo—shew to me de man vil say I dare not—ça—ha---hah !

[*Capers about.*]

HARRIET.

You're in such a dancing humour, 'tis pity you should want musick—Shall I sing you a song ?

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle !—you gouverne wid soverain empire over my 'art—you rouse me into one storm—you sing me into one calm.

## S O N G.

## I.

Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain  
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;  
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shewn;  
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

## II.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,  
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;  
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe  
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

## III.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,  
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;  
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,  
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

## S C E N E . VI.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

News! news! there's an English man of war's boat  
along side, with a flag of truce.

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment!——Madame, you ave de bonté to re-  
tire to your cabane—I go drefs myself, and give de  
audience. *[Exit Champignon.]*

## S C E N E . VII.

HARRIET, BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Brush! Brush! how my little heart palpitates with  
fear and suspense!——What does the arrival of this boat  
portend?

2

BRUSH.



## THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND. 29

BRUSH.

Our deliverance from the hands of the Philistines, I hope—it could not arrive at a more seasonable juncture; for my spirits are quite flagged—not that I'm so much concerned on my own account, Ma'am—but, I can't be insensible to your danger, Ma'am—I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not feel for one that is so dear to Mr. Heartly, Ma'am.

HARRIET.

Really, Mr. Brush, you seem to have improved mightily in politeness, since you lived among these French Gentlemen.

BRUSH.

Lived, Ma'am!—I have been dying hourly since I came aboard; and that politeness which you are pleased to mention, Ma'am, is nothing but sneaking fear and henheartedness, which I believe (God forgive me) is the true source of all French politeness; a kind of poverty of spirit, or want of sincerity—I should be very proud to be drubbed in England for my insolence and ill-breeding.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you'll soon be drubbed to your heart's content—When we revisit our own country, you shall have all my interest towards the accomplishment of your wish—mean while do me the favour to make further inquiry about this same flag of truce, and bring an account of what shall pass, to my cabin, where I shall wait for you with the utmost impatience. [*Exeunt.*]

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## SCENE VIII.

BLOCK, and another Seaman.

BLOCK.

Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieutenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder—nothing but rags and vermin, as the saying is—we shall share nothing but the guns and the head-money—if you call those heads that have no bodies belonging to 'um.—Mind that there

there scarecrow—see how his cloth hangs in the wind—Adzooks! the fellow has got no stowage—he's all upper work and head-sail—I'll be damn'd if the first hard squall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion.

*To him* BRUSH.

Heh!—how!—no sure!—Yes faith but it is—Odso! cousin Block, who thought to meet with you among the French?

BLOCK.

What chear ho?—How does mother Margery?—meet me among the French? Agad! I'd never desire better pastime than to be among 'em with a good cutlash in my hand, and a brace of pistols in my girdle—Why look you, brother, hearing as how you and your mistress were wind-bound, we are come along side to tow you into the offing.

BRUSH.

The Lord reward you, cousin—but, what if this damned Frenchman should refuse to part with us?

BLOCK.

Why then, lieutenant Lyon is a cruising to windward of that there head-land—he'll be along side in half a glass, fall under your stern, clap his helm a starboard, rake you fore and aft, and send the Frenchman and every soul on board, to the devil, in the turning of an handspike.

BRUSH.

The devil, he will!—but cousin, what must become of me then?

BLOCK.

Thereafter as it may be—You must take your hap, I do suppose—we sailors never mind those things—every shot has its commission, d'ye see—we must all die one time, as the saying is—if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

BRUSH.

O! curse your comfort.

BLOCK.

Heark ye, brother, this is a cold morning—have you picked up never a runlet along shore?—What d'ye say to a slug?

BRUSH.

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BRUSH.

Slug!—O, I understand you—

[Fetches a keg of brandy, which Block sets to his head.

BLOCK.

Right Nantz, strike my topfails!—Odds heart! this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's constitution.—Let us drink out their brandy, and then knock out their brains—This is the way to demolish the spirit of the French.—An Englishman will fight at a minute's warning, brother—but a Frenchman's heart must be buoyed up with brandy—No more keg, no more courage.

BRUSH.

T'other pull, cousin.

BLOCK.

Avast, avast—no more canvas than we can carry—we know the trim of our own vessel—Smite my cross trees! We begin to yaw already—Hiccup.—

BRUSH.

Odso! our commander is coming upon deck, to give audience to your midshipman.

BLOCK.

Steady.

[*Exeunt.*

---

## SCENE IX.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH,  
TOM HAULYARD *an English midshipman.*

CHAMPIGNON.

Eh bien, Monsieur, qui souhaite il?

HAULYARD.

Anan—Monseer sweat he!—Agad! I believe, if we come along side of you, we'll make you all sweat.

MACLAYMORE.

That's mair than ye can tell, my lad—ye may gar me sweet with fetching; but it's no in your breeks to gar me sweet with fear.

OCLABBER.



OCLABBER.

You may sweat me after I'm dead, honey—but, by the blessed Virgin! you shall not sweat me alive—and so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

HAULYARD.

If it wa'n't for such as you that shew your own country the fore-top-sail, wold our enemy's cable, and mann their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to shew their colours at sea—but howsomever, we'll leave that bowling i'the block, as the saying is—if so be as how that there Frenchman is commander of this here vessel, I have orders from my officer to demand an English young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yesterday out of a pleasure-boat, belonging to one Mr. Heartly of Dorsetshire, who slipped the painter this morning.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mardy! de commission be very peremptoire!—ecoute mon ami, vat you call Monsieur your commandant?

HAULYARD.

I don't take in your palaver, not I—and may hap, you don't know my lingo; but, agad! we'll soon make you understand plain English.

OCLABBER.

Monsieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

HAULYARD.

Who should it be, but lieutenant Lyon of the Triton man of war of sixty guns? as bold a heart as ever crack'd biscuit.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon!—suppose dat I refuse de command of Monsieur Lionne?

HAULYARD.

Suppose!—if you do, he'll run you along side, yard arm and yard arm, and blow you out of the water; that's all.

CHAMPIGNON.

By Gar! he vill find himself mistaken: here is not vater for one sixty gun ship—(aside) Hearn you me, Monsieur

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fieur vat is your name, tell Monsieur Lioni dat I am called Michel, Sanfon, Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermisseau—dat I ave de honcur to serve de king—dat fear be one bagatelle of wich I have de mepris—dat I regard you ambassade as de galimatias—dat my courage suffice to attack one whole Englis escadre; and dat if Monf. Lionne be disposed to rendre moi un visite, I shall ave de gloire to chastise his presumption; so I permitte you go your way.

MACLAYMORE.

“ *Diffentio*—bide you Billy—there’s nae clerk here I  
 “ throw—weel, lieutenant Oclabber, I tak instruments  
 “ in your haund against the proceedings of Captain  
 “ Champignon, wha has incarcerate the English leddy,  
 “ contrair to the law of nature and nations. Now,  
 “ cocky, ye may gang about your business; when ye  
 “ come back, I’ll tauk with you in another stile.

OCLABBER.

“ For my own part, honey, I shall be after shewing  
 “ you some diversion in the way of my duty; but I taake  
 “ you to witness that I have no hand in detaining the  
 “ lady who is pleased to favour us with her company  
 “ against her own consent, gra.

HAULYARD.

May hap you may trust to your shoal water—if you do you’re taken all aback, brother: for, lieutenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns and fifty stout hands, that draws less than this here frigate by the streak; and—heh!—agad! yonder she comes round the point with a flowing sail—b’w’ye Monseer Champignon; all hands to quarters; up with your white rag; I doubt my officer and I will taste some of your soupe meagre by that time you pipe to dinner. [Exit.

F

SCENE

## SCENE X.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mort de ma vie ! je ne vous attendois pas sitot, à quelle coté faut il que je me tourne ? sacrebleu ! [*aside.*

Messieurs, I demand your cõseil ; you protest against my conduite ; if you tink me ave done de injustice, you vil find me tout a fait raisonnable ; we render Made-moiselle to de Englis ; for I juge it bien mal a-propos to engage de enemì, wen de spirit of contradiction reign among ourselves.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth ! my dear, the contradiction is all over ; you have nothing to do but to station your men ; and as for Mr. Maclaymore and my own shelf, the English cannon may make our legs and arms play at logger-heads in the air, honey ; but we'll stand by you for the glory of France, in spite of the devil and all his works, gra.

MACLAYMORE.

Never fash your noddle about me : conscience ! I'se no oe the first to cry *barley*.

OCLABBER.

Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecassle with your division, honey. I wish they may stand fire till you're all knock'd o'the head, gra ; but, I'm afraid they're no better than dung-hills ; for they were raised from the *Canaille* of Paris.—And now I'll go and put the young lady below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra ; for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger you know ; and then she'll be released without ransom.

BRUSH.

God bless you, captain Oclabber, for your generosity to my poor lady : I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance ; and tho' I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone. [*Exeunt* Oclabber, Maclaymore and Brush.

SCENE



SCENE XI.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ventre faingris ! que ferai-je ? Je me sens tout embrouillé—ces autre Anglois sont si précipités ! que diable les étouffe. Allons ! Aux armes ! matelots—mes enfans ! chardon—chifon—ortie—fumière—l'hibou—la faim—allons—vite, vite—aux armes !

*[A crew of tatterdemalions running up and down the deck in confusion—the noise of cannon and musquetry.]*

Ah mon bon dieu ! ayez pitié de moi encore—qu' on m' apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah misérable pêcheur !—je suis mort !—je suis enterré !—ah ! voilà assez mes enfans—cessez—desistez—il faut amener—Monsieur O-claw-bear—lieutenant O-claw-bear—

SCENE XII.

OCLABBER.

*[behind the Scenes.]*

Holloa !

CHAMPIGNON.

Laissez—laissez—leave off your fire—de ennemi be too strong—we ave abaissée le drapeau—I command you leave off—

OCLABBER.

Leave off ! arrah for what ?

CHAMPIGNON.

De ennemi vil accord no quartier.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn your quarter !—what signifies quarter when we're all kill'd ? The men are lying along the deck like so many païse ; and there is such an abominable stench, gra—by my faoul ! I believe they were all rotten before they died.

F 2

*[coming upon the stage.]*  
Arrah

Arrah mon deaul ! I believe the English have made a compact with the devil to do such execution ; for my ensign has lost all his men too but the piper, and they two have cleared the forecastle sword in hand.

BRUSH.

*[in great trepidation.]*

O Lord ! Mr. Oclabber, your ensign is playing the devil—hacking and hewing about him like a fury ; for the love of God interpose, my master is come aboard, and if they should meet there will be murder.

OCLABBER.

By my saoul ! I know he has a regard for Mr. Heartly, and if he kills him it will be in the way of friendship, honey—howsomever, if there's any mischief done, I'll go and prevent it.

*[Exit Oclabber.]*

### SCENE XIII.

CHAMPIGNON, LIEUT. LYON, HEARTLY, HAULYARD,  
BRUSH, BLOCK, AND ENGLISH SAILORS.

CHAMPIGNON.

*[throwing himself on his knees and presenting his sword.]*

Ah ! misericorde, Monf. Artlie, quartier—quartier, pour l'amour de Dieu !

HEARTLY.

I have no time to mind such trifles—where is my Harriet ?

BRUSH.

I'll shew you the way to the poor solitary pigeon—Ah, master, this is a happy day !

*[Exeunt Heartly and Brush.]*

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, LIEUTENANT LYON,  
HAULYARD, CHAMPIGNON, &c.

OCLABBER.

*[delivering his sword.]*

Gentlemen, your's is the fortune of the day. You ought to be kind to us, for we have given you very little trouble.—Our commander there, is a very thivil person, gra; he don't turst after the blood of his enemy. As for the foldiers, I shall say nothing; but upon my saoul! now they're the nimblest dead men I ever saw in the days of my life! about two minutes agone they were lying like so many slaughtered sheep, and now they are all scamper'd off about their businefs.

MACLAYMORE.

As I fall answar it's a black burning shame! and I hope the king will order them to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be hanged *in terrorem*.

OCLABBER.

By my salvation! if the king will take my advice, every fingle man of them shall be decimated.

SCENE THE LAST.

*To them* HEARTLY, *leading in* HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

*[embracing Oclabber and Maclaymore.]*

Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad of having an opportunity to return, in some measure, the civilities you have shewn to this young lady. Mr. Lyon, I beg you'll order their swords to be restored; they were in no shape accessary to our grievances.

OCLABBER.

*[receiving his sword.]*

Mr. Lyon, you're extraimly polite; and I hope I shall never die till I have an opportunity to return the  
com-



compliment. Madam, I wish you joy of our misfortune, with all my faoul.

LYON.

I a'n't used to make speeches, Madam, but I'm very glad it was in my power to serve such a fine lady, especially as my old school-fellow, Heartly, is so much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair weather spark, Monsieur de Champignon, if he can't shew a commission authorizing him to make depredations on the English, I shall order him to be hoisted up to the yard's arm by the neck as a pyrate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, tho' not before he has restored what he pilfer'd from you and Mr. Heartly.

HARRIET.

At that rate I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer. You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled; hanging and marriage go by destiny: yet I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, I implore your pitie and clemence; Monsieur Artlie, I am one pauvre miserable not worth your revanche.

*Enter BLOCK drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.*

BLOCK.

Thus and no near—bear a hand my hearts—

*[lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of Champignon's cloaths.]*

By your leave, Tinsey—Odds heart! these braces are so taught, I must keep my yards square, as the saying is.

LYON.

Ahey!—what the devil have we got here? how now, Block?

BLOCK.

All's fair plunder between decks—we ha'n't broke bulk, I'll assure you—stand clear—I'll soon over-haul the rest of the cargo.

*[pulls out a long leather queue with red ribbons.]*

What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—s'blood the fellow has no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop. *[The*

*[The next thing that appears, is a very coarse canvas shirt  
with very fine lac'd ruffles.]*

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all gingerbread work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottenness alow.

*[draws out a plume of feathers.]*

Adzooks! this is Mounseer's vane, that like his fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—hark'ee, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigg'd with such a deal of feather. The French are so well fledg'd no wonder they're so ready to fly.

*[finds a pocket glass, a paper of rouge and Spanish wool,  
with which he daubs his face.]*

Swing the swivel-ey'd son of a whore! he fights under false colours like a pirate—here's a lubberly dog, he dares not shew his own face to the weather.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah! Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

BLOCK.

Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket, thof I struck your ensign—we Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood: the best way of beating the French is to spare all their Champinions—Odd's heart! I wou'd all their commanders were of your trim, brother; we'd soon have the French navy at Spithead.

LYON.

But in the mean time I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

BLOCK.

Swab!—I did swab the forecastle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

LYON.

None of your jaw, you lubber.

BLOCK.

Lubber!—man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the service of old England—but go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are started, and thy bottom is foul—I have seen the day when thou would'st have shewn thy colours with the best o'un.

LYON.



LYON.

Peace, porpuffs.

BLOCK.

I am a porpuffs; for I spout salt water, d'ye see. I'll be damn'd if grief and sorrow ha'n't set my eye-pumps a going.

HARRIET.

Come Mr. Block, I must make you friends with lieutenant Lyon—As he has been your pupil, he must be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able seamen to fall out among themselves.

BLOCK.

Why, look ye here, mistress, I must confess, as how, he's as brisk a seaman as ever greas'd a marlinspike—I'll turn 'un a drift with e'er a he that ever reefed a foresail—A will fetch up his leeway with a wet sail, as the saying is—and as for my own part, d'ye see, I have stood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you'll live to see and sail with him as an admiral.

BLOCK.

I doubt a must be hove down first, keel out of the water, mistress, and be well scrubbed, d'ye see——then a may to sea when a wool, and hoist the union flag——Stand clear, John Frenchman——“The Royal Sovereign of England will ride triumphant over the waves,” as the song goes.

LYON.

And now for you, Monsieur Champignon.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monsieur Lionne, I've not altogether contradicted, but, perhaps, a littel exceeded my orders, which were to take one English chaloupe for intelligence.

HEARTLY.

Well—I'm persuaded Mr. Lyon will not be very severe in his scrutiny; and, to shew that we Englishmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand—I can't part with my mistress; but in other respects I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble servant.

LYON.



## THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND. 41

### LYON.

I was once taken by the French, who used me nobly.  
—I'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness—but there are Champignons in every service—While France uses us like friends, we will return her civilities: when she breaks her treaties and grows insolent we will drub her over to her good behaviour—  
Jack Haulyard, you have got a song to the purpose that won't, I believe, be disagreeable to the company.

### S O N G.

#### I.

Behold! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale,  
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses:  
Bust and part with your frolicksome lasses;  
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

#### CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,  
And English courage fires our souls;  
To crown our toils, the fates decree  
The wealth and empire of the sea.

#### II.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,  
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;  
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;  
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

#### CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

#### III.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!  
We must mind other musick than catches;  
Mann our quarters, and handle our matches;  
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

#### CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

#### IV.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,  
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!  
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,  
So victory follows with riches and fame.

#### G

#### CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,  
 And English courage fires our souls ;  
 To crown our toils the fates decree  
 The wealth and empire of the sea.

---

*The following SONG has been occasionally introduced, instead of  
 the preceding one.*

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
 To add something new to this wonderful year ;  
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;  
 For who are so free, as we sons of the waves ?

## CHORUS.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,  
 We always are ready,  
 Steady, boys, steady ;  
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;  
 They never see us, but they wish us away ;  
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,  
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
 They'll frighten our women, and children and beaux.  
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
 Still Britons they'll find, to receive them ashore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them  
 sweat,  
 In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette ;  
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,  
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

F I N I S.

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN.

*AYE*—now I can with pleasure look around,  
 Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground—  
 In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,  
 Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger and dismay:  
 Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—  
 Might damp the heart of any Virgin pullet—  
 I dread to think what might have come to pass,  
 Had not the British Lyon quell'd the Gallic As—  
 By Champignon a wretched victim led  
 To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed.  
 My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:  
 As nun or wife, alike a penitent.  
 His gallantry, so confident and eager,  
 Had prov'd a mess of delicate soupe—maigre:  
 To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr:  
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar:  
 Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:  
 Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?  
 Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,  
 Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.—  
 Ye wits above restrain your awful thunder:  
 In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder. [To the gall.  
 Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,  
 Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below. [To the pit.  
 The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,  
 Have here been tam'd with——pippin and potatoe.  
 Our bard embarks in a more christian cause,  
 He craves not mercy; but he claims applause.  
 His pen against the hostile French is drawn,  
 Who damns him, is no Antigallican.  
 Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,  
 Hereafter he may board a richer prize.  
 But if this welkin angry clouds deform,  
 [Looking round the house.  
 And hollow groans portend the approaching storm:  
 Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble, [To the gall.  
 And these rough billows hiss, and boil and bubble, [To the pit.  
 He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.





